Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 8. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1803. WHOLE NO. 747.

ROBERT THE BRAVE.

[CONTINUED.

THE delicate hand of the countess's youthful pupil learned with facility to draw forth soft and melodious sounds from her harp; and her flexible and sonorious voice, guided by an attentive and discriminating ear, readily imitated the accents he heard; and a few months were sufficient to convince the countess, that the daughter of Robert would one day equal herself in these accomplishments.

Though Fortune, in fact, had not placed Elvize on a throne. Nature had done every thing for her. The charms of her countenance, the elegance of her stature, the lightness and ease of her motions, and the regularity of her features, rendered it evident, that to the seductive attraction of grace she would soon add the commanding power of beauty.

Her lively and acute wit, her docility, her delicacy, the tears she shed when she heard the narrative of misfortune, and the animated smile of joy which illumined her countenance when it was in her power to bestow relief, were the certain indications that she would one day possess the noble qualities of the mind and heart. Such was she, in fact, that the countess sometimes regretted, though secretly, that she was not her daughter. Enchanted with the progress her pupil made in music, she proceeded likewise to give her some instruction in the ingenious Elvize profited so readily by her lessons, that, in a short time, she equalled her instructress; and had no other resource to complete herself in the art but to imitate the works of nature. The flowers of the parterres in the castle gardens supplied her with models; and her productions of this kind won the prizes which Roger and Robert disputed with eager rivalry.

While every day added to the strength, the talents, and the stature of the two youths, and adorned Elvize with new charms, Roger and Robert completed their eighteenth year. Elvize was in her sixteenth; and displayed such beauty, embellished by the accomplishments she had acquired, that the count and countess began to feel the necessity of changing the plan of education they hitherto followed. The countess formally announced to the amiable Elvize, that she would rank her to the rank of her damsel of honor. She would confide to no other person but herself the important care of instructing her in the duties annexed to this station. Her principal lesson was a long and pompous enumeration of the rights and honors attached to high birth, and all the marks of respect which vassals owed to their lords. She did not attempt to conceal the immense difference which seperated count Roger from the companion of his exercises. She intimated to her pupil that she must no longer treat them in the same manner; and that on all occasions she must only look to the son of her lord with every expression of the greatest deference. This command gave Elvize no kind of uneasiness: it even appeared to her useless to lay on her an injunction to show respect to the amiable Roger. Her feeling and grateful heart saw in him the son and heir of her benefactors: to respect and admire him was with her a sentiment which every day acquired new strength; and her lips and heart promised, without difficulty, to revere and be most faithfully attached to him.

If the changes which had taken place in the manner of treating Elvize made no disagreeable impression upon her, it was not so with Robert. He was soon compelled, painfully, to notice the wide distance which had suddenly interposed between himself and Roger. He was still permitted to participate in his exercises; but the first prize he gained, instead of its being accompanied by the caresses he had till then shared with his illustrious rival, he received a present of some value, with an assurance, that at all times his good conduct would be rewarded with benefits by his generous masters.

Robert attached value only to glory; his heart knew no other benefit than that of loving Roger, and being beloved by him. He blushed at hearing the promises made to him, and tears rushed into his eyes. But soon he resumed his courage, on reflecting that he should never be separated from his young master; that he should follow him to the wars, and that he might find an opportunity to obtain a death as glorious as that of his father. Consoled by this hope, his zeal only redoubled; he even resolved to dispute more ardently than ever the prizes which had in his eyes been deprived of all their [illegible] by being accompanied with gifts which he did not desire, though he did not dare to refuse.

Roger, too young, and still more too generous, to have pride, had given himself up, without reserve, to the friendship with which his companion had inspired him from his infancy. In youthful sports, in manly exercises, and martial encounters, he had ever found him his equal; and, displeased at the difference which he now saw was made between them, and impelled by his heart, and a sentiment which he knew not as yet to define, he carefully availed himself of every possible means to recompensate to Robert the preference given to himself, and the caresses which were no longer common to them both. His condescension, however, never proceeded so far as purposely to yield to his friend the palm in any contest. It was no longer the amiable Elvize who crowned the victor, but it was still she who gathered the flowers, who entwined them into crowns; and it was always the works of her hands which were bestowed as prizes. Roger could no longer glance his eyes on the fillet of his rival without experiencing an extreme agitation. When she was absent, he became uneasy and thoughtful, and sighed for the moment of her return. When she again appeared, he dared not lift his eyes to meet hers; and when he attempted to speak to her he felt himself restrained by an invincible timidity, and became as it were motionless. But he quickly regained his strength and activity when he was to dispute a prize which she had proposed. It was in vain, then, that Robert redoubled his efforts; he was most frequently overcome, and Roger, exulting in his success, flew to receive the prize, which he pressed to his heart, and wore on his head as his most valued ornament. Then would he nobly turn towards his friend, and with tender and generous emotion clasp in his arms, endeavoring to console him by the warmest caresses for the advantage he had gained over him.

Robert, astonished so often to find in his antagonist a superiority of which he was very far from suspecting the cause, redoubled his exertions to render his triumph more difficult. The victory was more obstinately disputed, and long remained uncertain. The number of prizes obtained now became more equal between them; and this generous emulation in a short time, rendered each of them capable of successfully entering the lists with the most renowned knights.

While the young count, frequently silent and thoughtful, endeavored to discover the cause of the uneasiness by which he was agitated; while his heart was disquieted or experiencing sentiments so novel and so forcible, the amiable Elvize abandoned herself without reserve to the impulses of gratitude towards her benefactors. The brilliant endowments of Roger made her annex the greatest pleasure to the duty of loving him; and, far from attempting to repress this inclination, she conceived that she only obeyed the injunction of the most indispensible of virtues, when she incessantly repeated, that she could never feel too much admiration and affection for him. But this innocent confidence was soon to disappear; a cruel light was about to illuminate her mind and rend her heart.

Elvize was frequently present at conversations which passed between the count and countess.—One day, when they were applauding the good qualities and amiable endowments of their son, and praising by turns his figure, his graceful air, his address, and his courage, she felt her beating heart join in his commendation. Every eulogium appeared to her too feeble: it seemed to her as if even the count and countess were but imperfectly acquainted with his excellence; and she was surprised that parental affection should be less clear-sighted and just towards him than that she bore him. To the portrait they had drawn, she secretly added all the indications of a noble and generous mind which memory had engraven, together with his image, as the bottom of her heart; and which had inspired her with a thousand wishes, equally ardent and sincere, that he might become the happiest of men. "Travelling," said the count, "is alone wanting to give the last finish to his various accomplishments.—We must soon send him to visit the most splendid courts, that we may exhibit the rich endowments he has received from nature, and the advantages he has derived from education. His understanding, his talents, his address, and his courage, will acquire him a personal glory which will render his name more celebrated; and our regret for his absence will be changed into delight, when we view him return to lay at our feet the laurels he has gathered, to impart to us the wishes, and request our experienced affection to guide him in the choice of a companion for life, of suitable rank and qualities equally illustrious."

At these words a melancholy light entered the heart of the happy Elvize, and inflicted a painful sensation. A thousand confused thoughts rapidly succeeded each other, and so distracted her attention that she no longer heard a word of what was further said. Tears which she with difficulty

refrained, were ready to gush into her eyes; and, for the first time, she felt herself uneasy at the presence of her lady and her lord. She wished to fly, but her trembling limbs refused to support her; and she was happy in not attracting any notice, till by many painful efforts she had in some measure suspended the course of her thoughts, and at last found an opportunity to escape from the apartment of the counsels, and seek an asylum where she might without restraint indulge her melancholy reflections.

[To be continued.]

FORMER TIMES.

NOTHING is more intolerable to an old person than innovation on old habits. The customs that prevailed in our youth become dear to us as we advance in years; and we can no more bear to see them abolished, than we can to behold the trees cut down under which we have sported in the happy days of our infancy.

Even I myself, who have floated down the stream of life; who have humored it in all its turnings; who have conformed, in a great measure, to all its fashions—cannot but feel sensible of this prejudice. I often sigh when I draw a comparison between the present and past; and tho' I cannot but be sensible, that, in general, times are altered for the better, yet there is something even in the imperfections of the manners which prevailed in my youthful days that is inexpressibly endearing.

There is nothing that seems more strange and preposterous to me than the manner in which modern marriages are conducted. The parties keep the matter a profound secret as if there was something disgraceful in the connexion. The lady positively denies that any thing of the kind is to happen; will laugh at her intended husband, and even lay bets against the event, the very day before it takes place. They sneak into matrimony as quiet as possible, and seem to pride themselves on the cunning and ingenuity they have displayed in their manœuvres.

How different is this from the manner of the former times!—I recollect when my aunt Barbary was addressed by 'squire Stylish, nothing was heard of during the whole courtship but consultations and negociations between her friends and relatives; the matter was considered and reconsidered, and at length the time was fix'd for a final answer. Never shall I forget the awful solemnity of the scene. The whole family of the Old-Styles assembled in formal conclave: my aunt Barbary, dressed out as fine as hands could make her—her cushion, enormous cap, long waist, prodigious hoop, ruffles that reached to the end of her fingers, and a gown of flame colored brocade, figured with popies, roses and sun-flowers. Never did she look so sublimely handsome. The 'squire entered the room with a countenance suited to the solemnity of the occasion. He was arrayed in a full suit of scarlet velver, but his coat decorated with a profusion of large silk buttons, and the skirts stiffened with a yard or two of buckram; a long pig-tail wig, well powdered, adorned his head, and stockings of deep blue silk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities; the flaps of his vest reached to his knee-buckles; and the ends of his cravat, tied with the most jaucife neatness, twirled through every button-hole. Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory headed ebony cane in one hand, and gently swaying his three-cornered beaver with the other.—The gallant and fashionable appearance of the 'squire, the gracefulness and dignity of his deportment, occasioned a general smile of complacency through the room: my aunt Barbary modestly veiled her countenance with her fan; but I observed her contemplating her admirer with great satisfaction through the sticks.

The business was opened with the most formal solemnity, but was not long in agitation. The Old Styles were moderate, their articles of capitulation few: the 'squire was gallant, and acceded to them all. In short, the blushing Barbary was delivered up to his embraces with due ceremony. Then,—then were the happy times: such oceans of struck; such mountains of plumb cake; such feasting and congratulating; such fiddling and dancing; oh me! who can think of these days, and not sigh when he sees the degeneracy of the present; no eating of cake nor throwing of stockings; not a single skin filled with wine on the joyful occasion nor a single pocket edified by it but the parlor's.

It is with the greatest pain I see those customs dying away, which served to awaken the hospitality and friendship of my ancient comrades—that strewed with flowers the path to the altar, and shed a ray of sunshine on the commencement of the matrimonial union.

[M. Chron.] JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

REMARK.

MEN are sometimes well acquainted with their head, when they are not so with their heart.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

GRIM Death! thy shaft my rising hope hath laid
Beneath the confines of that fatal shade,
Whence none returns to greet the cheerful day,
Or pour their anthems to the golden ray!

No more fair NANCY joins our sprightly strain,
No more her voice awakes the tuneful strain;
Those lovely features grac'd with modest charms,
Are sunk in death, a prey to rev'lling worms!

Those eyes which once diffus'd the brightest ray,
No more will open to the light of day;
But in thy clay-cold arms, O cruel Death!
Lies the sweet form, deprived of life and breath.

Oh! kind compassion of my youthful years!
Thy hasty death awakes the tenderest tears;
Thou wast my earliest friend, my hopeful guide,
From tender childhood ripening by my side,

The buds of genius, and the flowers of truth,
Appear'd conspicuous in thy early youth;
What smiling peace, what sweet tranquility
Did blest those happy hours I pass'd with thee!

While blushing health smil'd on thy youthful brow,
The brightest hopes did to my bosom glow,
That we, in ripen age, might long enjoy
Sublimer pleasures and exalted joys.

How vain, alas! our hopes!—our future schemes
Are like the shadowy sports of empty dreams!
Just as maturer years began to dawn,
Death's dart is cast, and Fate's fell curtain drawn.

Fair NANCY summon'd to the worlds unknown!
Ah! cruel fate! thy solemn call how soon!
When smiling health had promis'd years to come,
And Beauty's star adorn'd her youthful bloom.

The fairest flowers which bloom in sprightly May,
Seem'd not more sweet, more innocent, or gay;
Yet when Death call'd, how ready she resign'd,
What sweet serenity possess'd her mind!

The greatest's which the ever did display
In all her actions.—on this awful day
Left not her mind, but mild and calm she pass'd
The gates of death, to joys which ever last.

More to the loss!—a loss I cannot paint,
Language must fail, and powerful numbers faint;
You only can conceive whole hearts have bled,
Whole dearest friends are number'd with the dead,
Whose hopes are blasted, and whole joys are fled.

Forever fled! and you but live to mourn
The loss of those who never shall return;
Your melting bosoms can my sorrows share,
And, pitying, shed the sympathizing tear.

☞ 22d of February.

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

AMID the incense of a world's applause,
That hails the Champion of his country's cause,
By Virtue's tears emsalm'd, to merit just,
Thy ashes, WASHINGTON! return to dust!
But not to Death's oblivion shade return
Thy soul's warm energies—they guard thy urn.
When Freedom, shrieking thro' the western sky,
Call'd all her sons to conquer, or to die,
Turn'd her fair face, and shuddering as she view'd
The kindred hosts with civil blood imbru'd,
Full in the van thy withering arm reveal'd
In awful sweep—and Conquest had the field.
When torn Humanity in sorrow flood,
As war's wild vengeance pour'd the crimson flood;
Thine was the bosom, mid ranks with terror lin'd,
To blend the feeling and the mighty mind!
In scenes of horror and devouring flame,
No brutal carnage flem'd thy glorious name:
No voice of misery in vain implor'd
The meed of mercy from thy conquering sword.
Thefe were the triumphs, whofe fupporting pow'r
Shed its foft influence on thy dying hour;
To thee no terrors deepen'd into gloom
The long unfathom'd twilight of the tomb;
That heart, with Virtue's pureft feelings warm,
That arm, the firft in battle and alarm,
Still fhield thy country—for thy birth was fame,
And Itfelf ages fhall adore thy name.

A PARENT'S REFLECTION ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THERE is a nestling worm in every flower along the path of life and while we admire the spreading leaves and unfolding bloffom, the traitor often confounds the root, and all the beauty falls. This my frequent theme will continue, I believe, till my eyes are shut upon this world, and I repose on a bed of dust. Ye borderers on the home; the child of sorrow can teach you to tremble over every blessing you enjoy. I have undergone one of the severest trials human nature can experience. I have seen a dear, beloved child, the little companion of all my hours of leisure, the delight of my eyes, the pride of my heart, struggling in agonies of pain, while I poured over him my tears and my prayers to heaven in vain. I have seen him dying,—dead,—coffined,—I have kissed him in his shroud.—I have taken the last farewell—I have heard the bell call him to the silent vault. I am stabbed to the heart, cut to the brain.

With what tender care was the boy nursed! How often has he been the pleasing burden of my arms! What hours of anxiety for his welfare have I felt! What endearing emulements for him invented! Amiable was his person, sensible his mind.—All who saw, loved him—all who knew him admired a genius which sprung his years. The sun no sooner arose than it was eclipsed. No sooner was the flower opened, than it was cut down. My mind eagerly revolves every moment of past joy. All the parental affections rush like a torrent and overwhelm me. Wherever I go I seem to see and hear him, turn round and lose him.

What does this world present but a long walk of misery and desolation? In tears man is born—in agonies he dies. What fills up the interval? Momentary joys and lasting pains. Every wife man muft often wish to have his curtain drop, and the scene of vanity and vexation closed. To me a church-yard is a pleasing walk. My feet often draw towards the grave, and my eyes turn towards the vault, where all the commotions of this world ceafe, and where the weary are at reft. I prafe, with Solomon, the dead who are already dead, more than the living who are yet alive.

FENCING ANECDOTE.

From STELLAR' Hiftory of Three of the Judges of King Charles II.]

WHILE the Judges lived reftled at Bofton, there appeared a gallant young man there, fome fay a fencing maiter, who on a flage exercifed for the purpofe, walked it for fe veral days, challenging and defying any to play with him at fwords: at length one of the Judges, difguifed in a ruftic drefs, holding in one hand a cheefe wrapped in a napkin, for a fhield, with a broom-ftick, whofe mop he had befmeared with dirty puddle water as he paffed along, thus equipped he mounted the ftage:—The fencing-maiter railed at him for his impudence, aiked what bufinefs he had there, and bid him begone.—The Judge ftood his ground—upon which the gladiator made a paft at him with his fword, to drive him off—a rencounter enfued—the Judge received the fword into the cheefe, and held it faft; drew the mop of the broom over his mouth and nofe; the gentleman a pair of whifkers.—The gentleman made another paft, and plunging his fword a fecond time, it was caught and held in the cheefe, till the broom was drawn over his eyes.—At a third lunge, the fword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed greafy all over his face.—Upon this the gentleman let fall, or laid afide his fmall fword, and took up the broad fword, and came at him with that.—Upon which the Judge faid, by fir, hitherto you fee I have only played with you, and not attempted to hurt you; but if you come at me now with the broad fword, know, that I will certainly take you life. The ftrength and determinatenefs with which he fpake, ftruck the gentleman, who, dreading, exclaimed, who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me. And fo the difguifed Judge retired into obfcurity, leaving the fpectators to enjoy the diverfion of the feene, and the vanquifhment of the boafting champion. Hence it is proverbial in fome parts of New-England, in fpeaking of a champion at athletic and other exercifes, to fay that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

☞ A few copies of the work from which the above is extracted, for fale at this Office

ANECDOTE.

A phyfician prefcribing FOXES LUNGS to a perfon of a conſumptive habit, an Iriſhman who was preſent, ſaid, "They would do an earthly good." Being aſked why, he replied, "That his own grandmother, who was near 80 years of age, had taken them for more than 40 years, and was in a galloping conſumption yet."

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, February 19, 1803.

Captain Aubery, who arrived at this port on Sunday, in 17 days from New-Orleans, informs us that at the time of his departure the port continued shut to American vessels. No French troops had arrived there; and nothing of importance had recently occurred.

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Captain Harvey arrived here on Sunday, from Cape-Francois, sailed in company with a French 80 gun ship, commanded by Admiral Lefort, bound to Cape Nichola Mole; and three 74 gun ships, one of them bound to France, the remaining two to Port-Republican. About a week previous to his departure two 74 gun-ships arrived at the Cape from Toulon, having 15 hundred troops on board. A fleet of 25 sail, and 6000 additional troops, were hourly expected. In the neighbourhood of the Cape the utmost tranquility prevailed: no engagement had taken place for a considerable time between the negroes and the French. The yellow fever had nearly subsided.

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Ticket No. 23,114, the first drawn number, on Monday morning, entitled to 1000 dollars is owned by Mr. R. Ward, bookseller of this city.

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A very distressing accident happened at Baltimore on Monday evening the 24 inst. A porter who was in the employ of Messrs Purves and Johnston, lost his way, it is supposed by reason of a thick and heavy fog, and drove himself, horse and dray, off the low-end of Bowley's wharf into the harbor. His lifeless body was taken up the following morning. We learn he has left a wife and three children to lament his disastrous departure hence.

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A melancholy accident lately happened at Beziers, in the department of Herault, in France.—An inhabitant of that place having demolished a quantity of new wine in his cellar, descended thither a few days afterwards to inspect it, when he was immediately killed by the vapor arising from the wine in a state of fermentation. His wife, alarmed at his long stay, called for help, when three men went down into the cellar who all experienced the same fate. The wife followed them, and was attacked by the vapor when half way down, and her life with difficulty preserved.

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Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Carlisle, P. dated February 6.

"On Thursday last at 3 o'clock, that noble Edifice, Dickinson College, was totally destroyed by fire. The rapidity of the flames, and violence of a tempest rendered every effort to save it useless. Religion, learning, liberty and law are in mourning. Yet we are not as those who are without hope. A noble spirit of exertion has pervaded all classes, and we already contemplate science and the muses exalted in a more splendid temple."

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NEW-BRUNSWICK, Jan. 19.

On Thursday afternoon last, about two o'clock, a violent shower of hail, accompanied with severe thunder, rain from the west—in its progress a flash of lightning struck the steeple of the Episcopal Church in this city, and in about twenty minutes the top was discovered to be burning—the height of the steeple prevented every application of water; the bell and clock were taken down, and precautions taken to preserve the body of the Church, by hooking up a door and window which communicated within; the wind being high from the west, sent the falling rain directly on the roof of the Church, which was of shingles—three engines were employed in throwing water, but the wind still increasing to a violent gale rendered them in a great measure useless, when the only alternative was to form a rank on the roof, and by ladders water was conveyed and the fire which was falling in great quantities, was kept down, and the church saved. The activity, and intrepidity of a number of persons of this place and vicinity, was truly astonishing, and to their daring enterprize we are indebted for the preservation of the body of the Church.

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On the night of Thursday, the 9th December last, between twelve and one o'clock, the whole town of Hamburg was alarmed by a violent conflagration breaking out in a large bakery, in the Herren Graben, which in the course of two hours destroyed that and part of two adjoining houses, and from the magnitude of the damage, became an object of public comment during the whole of the succeeding day; when, strange to relate, on the very night after, of the Friday, at the same hour the drums and alarm-bells again awoke the whole city, and called the Senators together to the Town-house, another fatal fire having broke out in the identical street, within ten doors of the preceding night's conflagration. The lower part of the house being first in flames, the family who slept above, not able to penetrate the smoke below stairs, presented a most melancholy spectacle from the windows of the second story, from whence the proprietor and his wife at length precipitated themselves in despair into the street; the former breaking both his legs, and in fact dead of the bruises. The servant maid was unfortunately burnt to death in the premises. A young Frenchman, 18 years of age, who was on a visit to the house, and intended in a few days proceeding to England, is likewise missing. Still more melancholy is the fate of another countryman of his, named Le Sueur, by profession a painter; this artist lodged in the house, and escaped safe on the first alarm into the street, half naked: when taking around him, and not perceiving his wife, he immediately darted back again through the flaming house to seek her up stairs, not aware that she had already found her way out of the premises. Distracted at not meeting with her in the apartment, he rushed down amid scorching fire, and had strength to gain the street a second time, whereupon fell down a miserable and mangled victim to the impulse of conjugal affection. A fire man, while boldly directing his engine pipe from the top of some rafters, likewise unfortunately perished, by the wood burning from under him, and precipitating him into the dreadful volcano, in full view of the shuddering multitude below. The pecuniary damage sustained upon this occasion is considerable.

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Last week, the magistrates of Paisley, upon a complaint against a maid servant, at her mother's instance, for desertion her service in order to be married, ordained her instantly to return to her service, and complete her engagement for the current time, and, in case of her not returning, granted warrant to imprison her till she found caution so to do; and the girl having thought proper, in place of returning, to forfeit her wages, and to pay her master the full wages for another servant in her place, the master paid in the same to the treasurer of the Kirk session, to be distributed among the poor. [Glasgow pap.

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Visit of the Spanish King to Barcelona, in Sept. last.

The King's suite comprised about 4000 persons, and was preceded by 500 light waggons, drawn by mules, carrying their cloaths, &c. The triumphal car in which the Royal Pair entered the town, was covered with sheets of gold, [illegible] of immense value. The procession lasted upwards of two hours, and the enthusiasm of the people on the occasion was excessive. On the day following their Majesties went to hear mass, when the crowd was so great, that several persons were crushed to death. Eight thousand persons dined daily at the King's table.

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SELIM, (Turkey,) November 13.

The most recent intelligence from Widdin is as follows:—Pafwan Oglou has disbanded the greatest part of his army: and the garrison of that place consists nearly of 4000 men. A Plenipotentiary has arrived from Constantinople, dispatched by the Grand Seignor, who has brought Pafwan Oglou a diploma, confirming him in his post. Pafwan however apprehensive of the bow-string, keeps a vigilant eye on the Ambassador. He lately received a Foreign Officer with much cordiality—it is supposed that this officer is a Frenchman.

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BRUSSELS, December 21.

We hear from the Hague that the Dutch ships of war which are to transport the French troops to Louisiana, and to protect them on their passage, are completely armed and equipped, and are now ready to sail from Helvoetsluys. General Victor and his staff officers will take their passage, on board the Admiral's ship. The other officers, civil and military, will have their accommodation for the voyage on board others of the ships of war. The troops consisting of six battalions of infantry, several detachments of dragoons, and one detachment of artillery, will sail in the transports. General Victor is said to have given public notice at the Hague, of his intention to sail within a few days. The French troops have not yet entered the Hague. New orders are expected from Paris, in regard to this movement.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

☞ Tickets Registered and Examined as usual.

COURT OF HYMEN.

COME young and old to Hymen's court repair,
The sweets of Venus will attend you there;
While numbers to the sacred altar bow,
Will you neglect, despise the nuptial vow?

MARRIED,

At Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. AUSTIN WARNER, to Mrs VAN ALLEN, both of that city.

At Norfolk, by the Rev. Mr. Blood, Doctor OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS VALENTINE BOWEN GEORGE WASHINGTON WARNER LEWIS RAILLIUM, jun. of Boston, to Miss ELIZABETH MEYERS PORTER, of Norfolk.

On Monday, evening the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mason Mrs JAMES OAR, to Miss MARY BATCHELOR, daughter of Mr. John Batchelor, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, last week, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. HENRY BROOKS, to Miss MARIA REYER, both of this city.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. WILLIAM JENKINSON, of Marlem, to Miss RUTH FAIRCHILD, of Stratford.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, BENJAMIN R. SEAMAN, Esq. to Miss CATHARINE JA PROVOOST, both of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. John Townley, Mr WILLIAM KAVANAGH, to Miss JANE WOODS, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr Sargent, SAMUEL COWDREY, Esq. to Miss ELIZA ANDERSON, daughter of Mr Elbert Anderson, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

YES! all must yield to Death's remorseless rage;
Creation's brow shall wrinkle up with age;
Time shall remove the key stone of the sky;
Heav'ns roof shall fall!—and all but VIRTUE die.

DIED,

On Monday the 7th inst. Mrs. SARAH BURNHAM, aged 45 years, after a tedious and painful illness of 12 months, which she bore with becoming fortitude and christian resignation. She has left behind a number of near relatives who regret in her the severe loss of parent and friend.

On Saturday morning last, at Elizabeth Town, in the 86th year of his age, MATHEW GREEN, PRINTER. He came from London to America in the year 1745, and was generally known to his brethren of the typographical art in this country. He has lived with the editor of the New-Jersey Journal since the year 1784. About six years ago he entirely lost his sight and the use of his legs, notwithstanding which he preserved an uncommon degree of health and spirits. On the 3d of January last he was taken unwell, and from that time gradually decayed until his death.

—

Twenty-five persons, of whom 15 were adults and 10 children, are reported by the city clerk to have died during the week ending on the 13th inst. viz. of consumption 4, abscess in the thigh 1, decay 1, inflamation 1, pleurisy 1, hives 1, and 16 of diseases not mentioned.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be performed (third time) a Drama, in three acts, with Chorusses, Songs, and Processions called,

The Voice of Nature.

To which will be added a Comedy, in 3 acts, called, The

Country Heiress,

OR, THE MAN OF QUALITY.

FOUND,

On Peck-Slip Wharf, a bunch of keys;—the owner may have them again, by calling at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, and paying for this advertisement. Feb. 18th 1803.

COURT OF APOLLO

For the New York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LAW, PHYSIC AND DIVINITY.

LAW, Physic and Divinity
Contend which shall superior be;——
The Lawyer swears he'll be your friend,
Your cause and rights he will defend.

The Doctor talks of his great skill,
Says life and health are in his pill;
The Reverend he will plainly show,
If you'll repent to Heaven you go.

But mark these friends of ours, and see
Where ends their great fertility!

Without a fee the Lawyer's dumb,
Without a fee the Doctor's mum;
The Rev'rend lays, without his pay,
He'll leave you to your own lewd way.

J. C——k.

ORIGINAL SCOTS SONG.

SEVEN long years and more have I been wand'ring
From hame, that's far distant, beyond the wide main;
Ye powers, that preside owre our destinies! tell me,
Will I e'er see the day I'll be hame once again?

The bare craggy mountain, the hills clad wi' heather,
The burk cover'd braes, and my native green glen,
Where youth, peace and innocence sported together—
Ye powers! shall I ne'er see those sweet scenes again?

Oh! will I once more, hear the Lark's early carol,
And wander at eve on the banks of the burn;
When Philomela and Ariles the grey, sward enamel,
And nature rejoices a Simmer's return?

Yes, Simmer will come frae the South, brightly beaming
And bring back ice flowers to the green lap o' Spring;
But the fweet days o' youth, when I carefully sported,
Nae time will reflore them, nor fraion will bring.

Companions o' Youth d'ye mind the blyth feafon
We play'd on the green, or climb'd up the brae,
And pluck'd the wild roles, or pu'd the ripe berries?
Do the joys o' your manhood now charm ye like thae?

But they are long by-gone, and we are far funder'd
By land many miles, and the wide roaring fea——
Yet prefently mufing, and pleas'd I think on ye,
And ah the remembrance brings tears in my e'e.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN General Volancy was quartered in a fmall town in Iceland, he and his lady were regularly befieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman who kept her poft at the door, affailing them daily with freth importunities, and freth tales of diftrefs. At laft the lady's charity, and the general's patience was nearly exhaufted, but their petitioner's wit was ftill in its priftine vigor.—One morning at the accuftomed hour, when the lady was getting into the carriage, the old woman began, "Agh! my lady; fuccefs to your ladyfhip, and fuccefs to your honor's honor this morning, of all the days in the year; for fure did'nt I dream laft night that her ladyfhip gave a pound of Te, and that your honor gave me a pound of Tobacco?"—"But my good woman," faid the general, do not you know, that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they fo plafe your honor?" rejoined the old woman, "Then it muft be your honor that will give me the Tobacco." The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a bon mot is always worth fomething more than a pinch of fnuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for fale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,
The Beggar Boy.

MORALIST.

Leaving curious fpeculations concerning the materiality or immateriality of the foul to be debated in the fchools of philofophy, let us attend to thofe reflections, which the certain profpect of a dying hour are calculated to infpire.

We muft fhortly clofe our eyes on terreftial fcenes? why then fhould we diftract our minds with anxiety in the various purfuits of life? Why toil to heap up treafure we are foon to leave! Why harbor envy in our breaths at thofe who are high fed in fortune's lap; when we know that a few revolving funs will bring the period, when death fhall demolifh all diftinctions but thofe of virtue and vice? Why cherifh refentment even againft our moft inveterate enemies? A few moments, and the lamp of life is extinguifhed, and with it both their love and their hatred. Why value ourfelves on the advantages of birth, the attainment of learning, or the blandifhments of beauty? The grave knows none of thefe. The rich and the poor, the prince and the peafant, learned and illiterate, here mingle in one common mafs; and beauty, though once a rival of Venus, is here a repaft for worms.

N. SMITH, Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, fourteen doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-lane, in Liberty Street, New-York.

Now as the public may be no longer impofed upon by imported trafh, under the name of Perfumery, Hair Powder, and Cofmetics of various names, fome of them made in this City with counterfeit names and labels on them to deceive the buyers, prepared by perfons quite unfkilled in the art. Smith is therefore determined not to fell any of his innocent and efficacious Cofmetics and Perfumery, without his name and labels on them in copper-plate, if not fo, they are not bought at his Factory, he being always willing to have them infpected by the gentlemen of the faculty.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double fcented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rofe Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

His highly improved Chemical Milk of Rofes, fo well known for clearing the fkin from fcurf, pimples, redneſs; or funburns; has not its equal for whitening and preferving the fkin in extreme old age; and is very fine for gentlemen to ufe after fhaving.—with printed directions—2s. 6d. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 do. in pot quart.

Highly improved fweet-fcented hard and foft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll, double 2s. do.

His white almond Waſhball, for making the hands and arms delicately foft and white, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. 6d.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their fhaving-boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Beſſemic Lip Salve of Rofes, for giving a moſt beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneſs and chops, leaves them quite fmooth and beautiful, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His fine Cofmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughneſs, and leaving the fkin fmooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Almond Powder, for waſhing and cleanſing the fkin, 3s. per lb.

All kinds of fweet fcented Waters and Eſſences, with every article neceſſary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paſte, for waſhing the fkin, making it fmooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Purified Alpine Shaving Cake made on a chemical principle, to help the operation of fhaving, and is of fuch a balſamic nature, as to heal any ſcratch or cut made by the razor; ſold with printed directions, 3s. 6d.

Smith's chemical Deentifrice, Tooth Powder for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cofmetic Waſh-Ball, far fuperior to any other for ſoftening, beautifying and preſerving the ſkin, with an agreeable perfume, ſold with printed directions, 4s and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewiſe his Vege able or Pearl Cofmetic, for immediately whitening the ſkin; theſe are choice articles, and ſhould be found on every lady's toilet, as. 4s and 8s. each.

With a great aſſortment of the beſt kinds of Perfumery and Cofmetics. Wholeſale and Retail.

*** If Ladies and Gentlemen will ſend to Smith's Chemical Perfume Manufactory, they will receive gratis one of his catalogues, which explains the virtues of his Perfumery and Cofmetics. February 18.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the moſt eminent of the faculty to be infinitely ſuperior to any other Lotion that ever has been uſed, for ſmoothing and brightening the ſkin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent reſtorative for removing and entirely eradicating the deſtructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Thoſe who through inadvertency make too free uſe of thoſe artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the moſt happy effects from uſing GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will reſtore the ſkin to its priſtine beauty, and even increaſe its luſtre. It expeditiouſly and effectually clears the ſkin from every deſcription of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetter and prickly heat. A continued ſeries of the moſt ſucceſsful experience, has fully proved its ſuper-excelling powers in removing freckles, tan, ſun-burns, redneſs of the neck and arms, &c. and reſtoring the ſkin to its wonted purity. In ſhort, it is the only cofmetic a lady can uſe in her toilette with eaſe and ſafety, or that a gentleman can have recourſe to, when ſhaving has become a troubleſome operation, by reaſon of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and ſold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Crocheron's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do —alſo at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION,

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, Scorbutic and cutaneous Eruptions of every deſcription.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr Church and adminiſtered by him for ſeveral years in Europe and America with the moſt unparalleled ſucceſs. By the ſmall application of this fluid night and morning, or once only twice a day, it will remove the moſt rancorous and ſtinging ſcurvy in the face. It is perfectly ſafe, ye powerful, and poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt cenſured Cofmetics, without any of their doubtful and ſometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a neceſſary and almoſt indiſpenſable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trafh.

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven ſkin or ſhining appearance, and ſallow and ſickly paleneſs, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffice it however to ſay,

I has been adminiſtered to many thouſands without even a ſingle complaint of its ineffacy.

A ſmall bole. at 75 cents will be found ſufficient to prove its valor—Price, half pints, 75 cents—Pints, or Bottle 25 cents. Nov. 27.

For the Uſe of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and for curing the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy—the article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. DUBOIS perfumer, No. 81 William ſtreet, New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line. ſuch as, Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powder, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Attic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Waſh Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Prizes, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Straps of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and Gentlemen, complete Tortoiſe Shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 16 1332

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds, ALMANACS, &c.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar Fifty Cents per annum.
PAID IN ADVANCE.

COURT OF APOLLO

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY's FAVORITE PIG.

SHALT thou, dear pig, the favorite of the fair,
No mention claim, no praiſes juſtly ſhare?
Shall no kind muſe, harmonious numbers ſing,
Or deck thy grave with faireſt flowers of ſpring?
One, to thy merits true, at leaſt will try
To place thy fame where it will never die.
What though thy gruntings harſh, diſturb'd the ear,
Yet even in this, did Nature's hand appear:
The lowing ox, the bleating ſheep, do call,
To aſk what Nature freely yields to all.
Should not the pig have powers his ſuit to move,
And aſk from thankleſs man the things he loves?
At eve return'd, the accuſtom'd feaſt to ſhare,
Should not his GRUNT, his grateful thanks declare?
Will proud born man the piggy race deſpiſe,
Becauſe, like him, they never gaze at ſkies?
For this, O pig! the muſe thy name will grace,
For this with worthieſt heroes claim a place.
Thy modeſt wiſh, preſumptuous thought deſpis'd,
Pleas'd with thy ſtate, where humble life reſides,
The glare of dazzling ſhow you wiſh'd to ſhun,
To paſs in LOWLY life, your ſhort liv'd ſpan,
In SILENT mood to roam the country round,
And view the beauties of the verdant GROUND,
'Twas thine own wiſh with liberty to run,
And never gaze preſumptuous at the ſun,
With lordly man, ambitious hopes to prize,
And bear thy form in threat'ning to the ſkies.
Such were thy merits, ſhalt thou then be laid
Unmourn'd, unhonor'd with the common dead?
Oh! no, dear pig! thy worth from mem'ry claims
From dark oblivion to retrieve thy name;
Thy fav'rite miſtreſs o'er thy corſe ſhall raiſe
A ſmall memento to record thy praiſe.
Around thy dear remains ſhall PIGS repair
When Autumn's treaſures offer them GOOD FARE,
Faithful to thee the ſacrifice ſhall flow,
And peaches, pears and apples, feel the blow.
The luſcious ſtream ſhall ſpread around thy tomb,
And female friendſhip there record thy doom,
While at each pauſe their GRUNTINGS ſhall declare
Their deep regret for pig repoſing there.

EPITAPH.

Tho' ſhort thy race, thy death caus'd many ſigh,
And drew ſoft Pity's tear from Beauty's eye:
The ſprightly FANNY, to thy merits true,
Drop'd from her ſparkling eye the pearly dew.
Theſe lines by friendſhip penn'd, thy fame ſhall grace,
And diſtant times ſhall hail thy modeſt race.

ANECDOTE.

An Iriſhman, on his firſt going to London, picked up an Engliſh ſhilling; thinking he had thirteen pence in his pocket, he went into an ale houſe, and called for thirteen pence worth of beer; on tendering the Iriſh thirteen* it would only paſs for twelve pence. And Paddy was turned out of doors. On his turning a corner, he ſpied another ſhilling in the ſtreet. He walked round it---exclaiming, by J-----s I loſt a penny in the laſt---ſo you may lay there and welcome, honey.

* An Engliſh ſhilling paſſes for thirteen pence in Ireland, and is called a THIRTEEN.

REMARK.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor;" therefore if we have true benevolence, we will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to ſociety.

WANTED, to aſſiſt in houſe work, a GIRL of about 12 or 14 years of age, either white or black, and who can be well recommended; enquire at this Office.

MORALIST.

Sincerity, or veracity, in our words and actions, is a virtue or duty of great importance to ſociety, being one of the greateſt bands of mutual intercourſe, and the foundation of mutual truſt. Without it, ſociety would be the dominion of miſtruſt, jealouſy and fraud, and converſation a traffic of lies and diſſimulation. It includes in it a conformity of our words with our ſentiments---a correſpondence between our actions and diſpoſitions---a ſtrict regard to truth, and an irreconcileable abhorrence of falſehood. It does not indeed, require, that we expoſe our ſentiments indiſcreetly, or tell all the truth in every caſe; but certainly, it does not and cannot admit the leaſt violation of truth or contradiction to our ſentiments. For if theſe bounds are once paſſed, no poſſible limit can be aſſigned where the violation ſhall ſtop, and no pretence of private or public good can poſſibly counterbalance the ill conſequences of ſuch a violation.

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Do. Violet double ſcented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Roſe Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

His highly improved Chemical Milk of Roſes, ſo well known for clearing the ſkin from ſcurf, pimples, redneſs; or ſunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preſerving the ſkin to extreme old age; and is very fine for gentlemen to uſe after ſhaving---with printed directions.---3s. 6s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Highly improved ſweet-ſcented hard and ſoft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double 2s. do.

His white almond Waſhball, for making the hands and arms delicately ſoft and white, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their ſhaving-boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's Balſamic Lip Salve of Roſes, for giving a moſt beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneſs and chops, leaves them quite ſmooth and beautiful, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His fine Coſmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughneſs, and leaving the ſkin ſmooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Almond Powder, for waſhing and cleaning the ſkin, 5s. per lb.

All kinds of ſweet ſcented Waters and Eſſences, with every article neceſſary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paſte, for waſhing the ſkin, making it ſmooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Purified Alpine Shaving Cake made on a chemical principle, to help the operation of ſhaving, and is of ſuch a balſamic nature, as to heal any ſcratch or cut made by the razor; ſold with printed directions, 3s. 6d.

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For the Uſe of the Fair Sex.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When decorating yourſelves with the advantages of dreſs, examine one of the greateſt ornaments of the perſon, that is much expoſed and admired,

A CLEAN FULL SET OF TEETH,

Which may be acquired by applying to J. GREENWOOD, Approved Dentiſt, directly oppoſite the fourth end of the park, No. 13, fourth houſe from the theatre who with ſentiments of gratitude acknowledges the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profeſſion, during ſixteen years ſucceſsful practice in this city.

He makes and fixes Teeth in many different ways, ſome of which are done without drawing the old ſtumps, or cauſing the leaſt pain; they help maſtication, give a youthful air to the countenance, and are indiſpenſible to render the pronunciation more agreeable and diſtinct. J. Greenwood likewiſe prevents the Teeth from rotting, cleanſes and reſtores them to their original whiteneſs. Thoſe perſons who wiſh to have information concerning their Teeth and Gums, will be informed with pleaſure by J. Greenwood, gratis, whoſe candor may be depended on.

NB. His prices are very moderate, that every perſon who applies for aſſiſtance may be benefited. Jn 15. 2m

SARAH TERRETT,

No. 320 PEARL-STREET.

Reſpectfully returns her thanks to her friends and the public in general, for paſt favors, and hopes for a continuance of the ſame. She has for ſale organized Piano Fortes, elegant patent Barrelled Organs, Guitars, and a large aſſortment of Violins, Flutes, Clarinets, Fifes, Baſſoons, Horns, Trumpets, Serpents, &c. a large aſſortment of faſhionable ſongs, precepts of all ſorts; a plain and conciſe introduction to pſalmody calculated for ſinging ſchools; the beſt Roman Violin Strings. Jan. 15

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 79 Beekman Street.

M. NASH reſpectfully informs his friends and cuſtomers, that he has made conſiderable additions to his Library, and ſolicits a continuation of favors. Some of the moſt valuable works received in addition, and which only can be enumerated, are the following, viz. Britiſh Zoology, 4 vols. Ladies Magazine, 3 do. Langhorne's lives of Plutarch, 6 do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Per Year 3 dollars and 50 cents; 6 Months 2 dollars; per Quarter 1 dollar and 25 cents; per Month 62 1-2 cents.

Alſo a number of Stationary Articles for ſale. Cuſtomers are requeſted to call only in the evening.

January 8, 1803 3m.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTERER, No. 298 Water-ſtreet, between Peck and New-ſlips, reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above buſineſs extenſively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and diſpatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. ☞ Worms for ſtills, Candle Moulds, and a general aſſorment of Pewter Articles.------An Apprentice wanted to the above buſineſs. Oct. 16, 29 1y

Sold at J. Harriſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds, ALMANACS, &c.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

VOL. XV—NO. 8. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1803. WHOLE NO. 747.

ROBERT THE BRAVE.

[CONTINUED.

THE delicate hand of the countess's youthful pupil learned with facility to draw forth soft and melodious sounds from her harp; and her flexible and sonorious voice, guided by an attentive and discriminating ear, readily imitated the accents she heard; and a few months were sufficient to convince the countess, that the daughter of Robert would one day equal herself in these accomplishments,

Though Fortune, in fact, had not placed Elvize on a throne, Nature had done every thing for her. The charms of her countenance, the elegance of her stature, the lightness and ease of her motions, and the regularity of her features, rendered it evident, that to the seductive attraction of grace she would soon add the commanding power of beauty.

Her lively and acute wit, her docility, her delicacy, the tears she shed when she heard the narrative of misfortune, and the animated smile of joy which illumined her countenance when it was in her power to bestow relief, were the certain indications that she would one day possess the most noble qualities of the mind and heart. Such was she, in fine, that the countess sometimes regretted, though secretly, that she was not her daughter. Enchanted with the progress her pupil made in music, she proceeded likewise to give her some idea of drawing; and the ingenious Elvize profited so readily by her lessons, that, in a short time, she equalled her instructress; and had no other resource to complete herself in the art but to imitate the works of nature. The flowers of the parterres in the castle-gardens supplied her with models; and her productions of this kind were the prizes which Roger and Robert disputed with eager rivalry.

While every day added to the strength, the address, and the stature of the two youths, and adorned Elvize with new charms, Roger and Robert completed their eighteenth year. Elvize was in her sixteenth; and displayed such beauty, embellished by the accomplishments she had acquired, that the count and countess began to feel the necessity of changing the plan of education they hitherto followed. The countess formally announced to the amiable Elvize, that she would raise her to the rank of her damsel of honor. She would confide to no other person but herself the important care of instructing her in the duties annexed to this station. Her principal lesson was a long and pompous enumeration of the rights and honors attached to high birth, and all the marks of respect which vassals owed to their lords. She did not attempt to conceal the immense distance which seperated count Roger from the companion of his exercises. She intimated to her pupil that she must no longer treat them in the same manner; and that on all occasions she must only speak to the son of her lord with every expression of the greatest deference. This command gave Elvize no kind of uneasiness: it even appaared to her useless to lay on her an injunction to show respect to the amiable Roger. Her feeling and grateful heart saw in him the son and heir of her benefactors: to respect and admire him was with her a sentiment which every day acquired new strength; and her lips and her heart promised, without difficulty, to revere and be most faithfully attached to him.

If the changes which had taken place in the manner of treating Elvize made no disagreeable impression upon her, it was not so with Robert. He was soon compelled, painfully, to notice the wide distance which had suddenly interposed between himself and Roger. He was still permitted to participate in his exercises; but the first prize he gained, instead of its being accompanied by the caresses he had till then shared with his illustrious rival, he received a present of some value, with an assurance, that at all times his good conduct would be rewarded with benefits by his generous masters.

Robert attached value only to glory; his heart knew no other benefit than that of loving Roger, and being beloved by him. He blushed at hearing the promises made to him, and tears rushed into his eyes. But soon he resumed his courage, on reflecting that he should never be separated from his young master; that he should follow him to the wars, and that he might find an opportunity to obtain a death as glorious as that of his father. Consoled by this hope, his zeal only redoubled; he even resolved to dispute more ardently than ever the prizes which had in his eyes been deprived of all their charms, by being accompanied with gifts which he did not desire, though he did not dare to refuse.

Roger, too young, and still more too generous, to have pride, had given himself up, without reserve, to the friendship with which his companion had inspired him from his infancy. In youthful sports, in manly exercises, and martial encounters, he had ever found him his equal; and, displeased at the difference which he now saw was made between them, and impelled by his heart, and a sentiment which he knew not as yet to define, he carefully availed himself of every possible means to recompensate to Robert the preference given to himself, and the carresses which were no longer common to them both. His condescension, however, never proceeded so far as purposely to yield to his friend the palm in any contest. It was no longer the amiable Elvize who crowned the victor, but it was still she who gathered the flowers, who entwined them into crowns; and it was always the works of her hands which were bestowed as prizes. Roger could no longer glance his eyes on the sister of his rival without experiencing an extreme agitation. When she was absent, he became uneasy and thoughtful, and sighed for the moment of her return. When she again appeared, he dared not lift his eyes to meet hers; and when he attempted to speak to her he felt himself restrained by an invincble timidity, and became as it were motionless. But he quickly regained his strength and activity when he was to dispute a prize which she had proposed. It was in vain, then, that Robert redoubled his efforts; he was most frequently overcome; and Roger, exulting in his success, flew to receive the prize, which he pressed to his heart, and wore on his head as his most valued ornament. Then would he hastily turn towards his friend, and with tender and generous emotion clasp in his arms, endeavoring to console him by the warmest caresses for the advantage he had gained over him.

Robert, astonished so often to find in his antagonist a superiority of which he was very far from suspecting the cause, redoubled his exertions to render his triumph more difficult. The victory was more obstinately disputed, and long remained uncertain. The number of prizes obtained now became more equal between them; and this generous emulation in a short time, rendered each of them capable of successfully entering the lists with the most renowned knights.

While the young count, frequently silent and thoughtful, endeavored to discover the cause of the uneasiness by which he was agitated; while his heart was disquieted or experiencing sentiments so novel and so forcible, the amiable Elvize abandoned herself without reserve to the impulses of gratitude towards her benefactors. The brilliant endowments of Roger made her annex the greatest pleasure to the duty of loving him; and, far from attempting to repress this inclination, she conceived that she only obeyed the injunction of the most indispensible of virtues, when she incessantly repeated, that she could never feel too much admiration and affection for him. But this innocent confidence was soon to disappear; a cruel light was about to illuminate her mind and rend her heart.

Elvize was frequently present at conversations which passed between the count and countess.—One day, when they were applauding the good qualities and amiable endowments of their son, and praising by turns his figure, his graceful air, his address, and his courage, she felt her beating heart join in his commendation. Every eulogium appeared to her too feeble: it seemed to her as if even the count and countess were but imperfectly acquainted with his excellence; and she was surprised that parental affection should be less clear-sighted and just towards him than that she bore him. To the portrait they had drawn, she secretly added all the indications of a noble and generous mind which memory had engraven, together with his image, on the bottom of her heart; and which had inspired her with a thousand wishes, equally ardent and sincere, that he might become the happiest of men. "Travelling," said the count, "is alone wanting to give the last finish to his various accomplishments.—We must soon send him to visit the most splendid courts, that he may exhibit the rich endowments he has received from nature, and the advantages he has derived from education. His understanding, his talents, his address, and his courage, will acquire him a personal glory which will render his name more celebrated; and our regret for his absence will be changed into delight, when we view him return to lay at our feet the laurels he has gathered, to impart to us the wishes, and request our experienced affection to guide him in the choice of a companion for life, of suitable rank and qualities equally illustrious."

At these words a melancholy light entered the heart of the happy Elvize, and inflicted a painful sensation. A thousand confused thoughts rapidly succeeded each other, and so distracted her attention that she no longer heard a word of what was further said. Tears which she with difficulty

restrained, were ready to gush into her eyes; and, for the first time, she felt herself uneasy at the presence of her lady and her lord. She wished to fly, but her trembling limbs refused to support her; and she was happy in not attracting any notice, till by many painful efforts she had in some measure suspended the course of her thoughts, and at last found an opportunity to escape from the apartment of the countess, and seek an asylum where she might without restraint indulge her melancholy reflections.

[To be continued.]

FORMER TIMES.

NOTHING is more intolerable to an old person than innovation on old habits. The customs that prevailed in our youth become dear to us as we advance in years; and we can no more bear to see them abolished, than we can to behold the trees cut down under which we have sported in the happy days of our infancy.

Even I myself, who have floated down the stream of life; who have humored it in all its turnings; who have conformed, in a great measure, to all its fashions---cannot but feel sensible of this prejudice. I often sigh when I draw a comparison between the present and past: and tho' I cannot but be sensible, that, in general, times are altered for the better, yet there is something even in the imperfections of the manners which prevailed in my youthful days that is inexpressibly endearing.

There is nothing that seems more strange and preposterous to me than the manner in which modern marriages are conducted. The parties keep the matter a profound secret as if there was something disgraceful in the connexion. The lady positively denies that any thing of the kind is to happen; will laugh at her intended husband, and even lay bets against the event, the very day before it takes place. They sneak into matrimony as quiet as possible, and seem to pride themselves on the cunning and ingenuity they have displayed in their manœuvres.

How different is this from the manner of the former times!---I recollect when my aunt Barbary was addressed by 'squire Stylish, nothing was heard of during the whole courtship but consultations and negociations between her friends and relatives: the matter was considered and reconsidered, and at length the time was set for a final answer. Never shall I forget the awful solemnity of the scene. The whole family of the Old Styles assembled in formal conclave: my aunt Barbary, dressed out as fine as hands could make her---her cushion, enormous cap, long waist, prodigious hoop, ruffles that reached to the end of her fingers, and a gown of flame colored brocade figured with popies, roses and sun flowers. Never did she look so sublimely handsome. The 'squire entered the room with a countenance suited to the solemnity of the occasion. He was arrayed in a full suit of scarlet velvet, his coat decorated with a profusion of large silk buttons, and the skirts stiffened with a yard or two of buckram; a long pig-tail wig, well powdered, adorned his head, and stockings of deep blue silk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities; the flaps of his vest reached to his knee-buckles; and the ends of his cravat, tied with the most precise neatness, twisted through every button-hole. Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory headed ebony cane in one hand, and gently swaying his three-cornered beaver with the other.---The gallant and fashionable appearance of the 'squire, the gracefulness and dignity of his deportment, occasioned a general smile of complacency through the room: my aunt Barbary modestly veiled her countenance with her fan; but I observed her contemplating her admirer with great satisfaction through the sticks.

The business was opened with the most formal solemnity, but was not long in agitation. The Old Styles were moderate, their articles of capitulation few: the 'squire was gallant, and acceded to them all. In short, the blushing Barbary was delivered up to his embraces with due ceremony. Then,---then were the happy times: such oceans of attack; such mountains of plumb cake; such feasting and congratulating; such fiddling and dancing; ah me! who can think of those days, and not sigh when he sees the degeneracy of the present; no eating of cake nor throwing of stockings; not a single skin filled with wine on the joyful occasion nor a single pocket edified by it but the parson's.

It is with the greatest pain I see those customs dying away, which served to awaken the hospitality and friendship of my ancient comrades---that strewed with flowers the path to the altar, and shed a ray of sunshine on the commencement of the matrimonial union.

[M. Chron.] JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

REMARK.

MEN are sometimes well acquainted with their head, when they are not so with their heart.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

GRIM Death! thy shaft my rising hope hath laid
Beneath the confines of that fatal shade,
Whence none returns to greet the cheerful day,
Or pour their anthems to the golden ray!

No more fair NANCY joins our sprightly train,
No more her voice awakes the tuneful strain;
Those lovely features grac'd with modest charms,
Are sunk in death, a prey to rav'ning worms!

Those eyes which once diffus'd the brightest ray,
No more will open to the light of day;
But in thy clay-cold arms, O cruel Death!
Lies the sweet form, depriv'd of life and breath.

Oh! kind companion of my youthful years!
Thy hasty death awakes the tenderest tears;
Thou wast my earliest friend, my hopeful guide,
From tender childhood ripening by my side,

The buds of genius and the flowers of truth,
Appear'd conspicuous in thy early youth;
What smiling peace, what sweet tranquility
Did bless those happy hours I pass'd with thee!

While blushing health smil'd on thy youthful brow,
The brightest hopes did in my bosom glow,
That we, in riper age, might long enjoy
Sublimer pleasures and exalted joy.

How vain, alas! our hopes!---our future schemes
Are like the shadowy sports of empty dreams!
Just as maturer years began to dawn,
Death's dart is cast, and Fate's sad curtain drawn.

Fair NANCY summon'd to the worlds unknown!
Ah! cruel fate! thy solemn call how soon!
When smiling health had promis'd years to come,
And Beauty's star adorn'd her youthful bloom.

The softest flowers which bloom in sprightly May,
Seem'd not more sweet, more innocent, or gay;
Yet when Death call'd, how ready she resign'd,
What sweet serenity possess'd her mind!

The greatness which she ever did display
In all her actions,---on this awful day
Left not her mind, but mild and calm she pass'd
The gates of death, to joys which ever last.

Mine is the loss!---a loss I cannot paint,
Language must fail, and powerful numbers faint;
You only can conceive whose hearts have bled
Whole dearest friends are number'd with the dead,
Whose hopes are blasted, and whose joys are fled---

Forever fled! and you but live to mourn
The loss of those who never must return;
Your melting bosoms can my sorrows share,
And, pitying, shed the sympathizing tear.

☞ 22d of February.

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

AMID the incense of a world's applause,
That hails the Champion of his country's cause,
By Virtue's tears embalm'd, to merit just,
Thy ashes, WASHINGTON! return to dust!
But not to Death's oblivion shade return
Thy soul's warm energies---they guard thy urn.
When Freedom, shrieking thro' the western sky,
Call'd all her sons to conquer, or to die,
Turn'd her fair face, and shuddering as she view'd
The kindred hosts with civil blood imbru'd,
Full in the van thy withering arm reveal'd
Its awful sweep---and Conquest had the field.
When torn Humanity in sorrow stood,
As war's wild vengeance pour'd the crimson flood;
Thine was the boast, mid ranks with terror hu'd,
To blend the feeling and the mighty mind!
In scenes of havoc and devouring flame,
No brutal carnage stain'd thy glorious name:
No voice of misery in vain implor'd
The meed of mercy from thy conquering sword.
These were the triumphs, whose supporting pow'r
Shed its soft influence on thy dying hour;
To thee no terrors deepen'd into gloom
The long unfathom'd twilight of the tomb;
That heart, with Virtue's purest feelings warm,
That arm, the first in battle and alarm,
Still shield thy country---for thy birth was fame,
And latest ages shall adore thy name.

A PARENT's REFLECTION ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THERE is a nestling worm in every flower along the path of life, and while we admire the spreading leaves and unfolding blossom, the traitor often consumes the root, and all the beauty falls. This my frequent theme will continue, I believe, till my eyes are shut upon this world, and I repose on a bed of dust. Ye boasters on the heave; the child of sorrow can teach you to tremble over every blessing you enjoy. I have undergone one of the severest trials human nature can experience. I have seen a dear, a beloved child, the little companion of all my hours of leisure, the delight of my eyes, the pride of my heart, struggling in agonies of pain, while I poured out to him my tears and my prayers to heaven in vain. I have seen him dying,---dead,---coffined,---I have kissed him in his shrowd,---I have taken the last farewell,---I have heard the bell call him to the silent vault. I am stabbed to the heart, cut to the brain.

With what tender care was the boy nursed! How often has he been the pleasing burden of my arms! What hours of anxiety for his welfare have I felt! What endearing amusements for him invented! Amiable was his person, sensible his mind.---All who saw, loved him---all who knew him admired a genius which outran his years. The sun no sooner arose than it was eclipsed. No sooner was the flower opened, than it was cut down. My mind eagerly revolves every moment of past joy. All the parental affections rush like a torrent and overwhelm me. Wherever I go I seem to see and hear him, turn round and lose him.

What does this world present but a long walk of misery and desolation? In tears man is born---in agonies he dies. What fills up the interval? Momentary joys and lasting pains. Every wise man must often wish to have his curtain drop, and the scene of vanity and vexation closed. To me a church-yard is a pleasing walk. My feet often draw towards the grave, and my eyes turn towards the vault, where all the connexions of this world cease, and where the weary are at rest. I praise, with Solomon, the dead who are already dead, more than the living who are yet alive.

FENCING ANECDOTE.

From STILES' History of Three of the Judges of King Charles IIst.

WHILE the Judges lived retired at Boston, there appeared a gallant person there, some say a fencing master, who on a stage erected for the purpose, walked it for several days, challenging and defying any to play with him at swords: at length one of the Judges, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin, for a shield, with a broom stick, whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he passed along; thus equipped he mounted the stage:---The fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked what business he had there, and bid him begone.---The Judge stood his ground---upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off---a rencounter ensued---the Judge received the sword into the cheese, and held it until he drew the mop of the broom over his mouth and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers---The gentleman made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese, till the broom was drawn over his eyes---At a third lunge, the sword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed gently all over his face---Upon this the gentleman let fall, or laid aside his small sword, and took up the broad sword, and came at him with that---Upon which the Judge said, stop sir, hitherto you see I have only played with you, and not attempted to hurt you; but if you come at me now with the broad sword, know, that I will certainly take your life. The firmness and determinateness with which he spake, struck the gentleman, who, desisting, exclaimed, who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me. And so the disguised Judge retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene, and the vanquishment of the boasting champion. Hence it is proverbial in some parts of New-England, in speaking of a champion at athletic and other exercises, to say that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

☞ A few copies of the work from which the above is extracted, for sale at this Office.

ANECDOTE.

A physician prescribing FOXES LUNGS to a person of a consumptive habit, an Irishman who was present, said, "They would do no earthly good." Being asked why, he replied, "That his own grandmother, who was near 80 years of age, had taken them for more than 30 years, and was in a galleping consumption yet."

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, February 19, 1803.

Captain Aubrey, who arrived at this port on Sunday, in 17 days from New-Orleans, informs us that at the time of his departure the port continued shut to American veſſels. No French troops had arrived there; and nothing of importance had recently occurred.

—

Captain Harvey arrived here on Sunday, from Cape-Francois, failed in company with a French 80 gun ſhip, commanded by Admiral Lefort, bound to Cape Nichola Mole; and three 74 gun ſhips, one of them bound to France, the remaining two to Port-Republican. About a week previous to his departure two 74 gun-ſhips arrived at the Cape from Toulon, having 15 hundred troops on board. A fleet of 15 ſail, and 600 additional troops, were hourly expected. In the neighborhood of the Cape the utmoſt tranquility prevailed: no engagement had taken place for a conſiderable time between the negroes and the French. The yellow fever had nearly ſubſided.

—

Ticket No. 25,114, the firſt drawn number, on Monday morning, entitled to 1000 dollars is owned by Mr. M. Ward, bookſeller of this city.

—

A very diſtreſſing accident happened at Baltimore on Monday evening the 2d inſt. A porter who was in the employ of Meſſrs Peters and Johnſton, loſt his way, it is ſuppoſed by reaſon of a thick and heavy fog, and drove himſelf, horſe and dray, off the lowerend of Bowley's wharf into the baſon. His lifeleſs body was taken up the following morning. We learn he has left a wife and three children to lament his diſaſtrous departure hence.

—

A melancholy accident lately happened at Beziers, in the department of Herault, in France.---An inhabitant of that place having depoſited a quantity of new wine in his cellar, deſcended thither a few days afterwards to inſpect it, when he was immediately killed by the vapor ariſing from the wine in a ſtate of fermentation. His wife, alarmed at his long ſtay, called for help, when three men went down into the cellar, who all experienced the ſame fate. The wife followed them, and was attacked by the vapor when half way down, and her life with difficulty preſerved.

—

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Carliſle, P. dated February 6.

"On Thurſday laſt at 3 o'clock, that noble Edifice, Dickinſon College, was totally deſtroyed by fire. The rapidity of the flames, and violence of a tempeſt rendered every effort to ſave it uſeleſs. Religion, learning, liberty and law are in mourning. Yet we are not as thoſe who are without hope. A noble ſpirit of exertion has pervaded all claſſes, and we already contemplate ſcience and the muſes reinſtated in a more ſplendid temple."

—

NEW-BRUNSWICK, Jan. 10.

On Thurſday afternoon laſt, about two o'clock, a violent ſhower of hail, accompanied with ſevere thunder, came from the weſt---in its progreſs a flaſh of lightning ſtruck the ſteeple of the Epiſcopal Church in this city, and in about twenty minutes the top was diſcovered to be burning---the height of the ſteeple prevented every application of water; the bell and clock were taken down, and precautions taken to preſerve the body of the Church, by bricking up a door and window which communicated with it; the wind being high from the weſt, ſent the falling ruins directly on the roof of the Church, which was of ſlate---three engines were employed in throwing water, but the wind ſtill increaſing to a violent gale rendered them in a great meaſure uſeleſs, when the only alternative left, to form a rank on the roof, and by ladders water was conveyed and the fire which was falling in great quantities, was kept down, and the church ſaved. The activity, and intrepidity of a number of perſons of this place and vicinity, was truly aſtoniſhing, and to their daring enterprize are we indebted for the preſervation of the body of the Church.

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On the night of Thurſday, the 9th December laſt, between twelve and one o'clock, the whole town of Hamburg was alarmed by a violent conflagration breaking out in the baker's, in the Herren Graben, which in the courſe of two hours deſtroyed that and part of two adjoining houſes, and from the magnitude of the damage became an object of public comment during the whole of the ſucceeding day; when, ſtrange to relate, on the very night after, being Friday, at the ſame hour the drums and alarm-bells awoke the whole city, and called the Senators together to the Town-houſe, another ſad fire having broke out in the identical ſtreet, within ten doors of the preceding night's conflagration. The lower part of the houſe being firſt in flames, the family who ſlept above, not able to penetrate the ſmoke below ſtairs, preſented a moſt melancholy ſpectacle from the windows of the ſecond ſtory, from whence the proprietor and his wife at length precipitated themſelves in deſpair into the ſtreet; the former breaking both his legs, and is ſince dead of the bruiſes. The ſervant maid was unfortunately burnt to death in the premiſes. A young Frenchman, 18 years of age, who was on a viſit to the houſe, and intended in a few days proceeding to England, is likewiſe miſſing. Still more melancholy is the fate of another countryman of his, named Le Sueur, by profeſſion a painter; this artiſt lodged in the houſe, and eſcaped ſafe on the firſt alarm into the ſtreet, half naked: when looking around him, and not perceiving his wife, he immediately darted back again through the flaming houſe to ſeek her up ſtairs, not aware that ſhe had already found her way out of the premiſes. Diſtracted at not meeting with her in the apartment, he ruſhed down amid ſcorching fire, and had ſtrength to gain the ſtreet a ſecond time, when he fell down a miſerable and mangled victim to the impulſe of conjugal affection. A fire man, while boldly directing his engine pipe from the top of ſome raiſers, likewiſe unfortunately periſhed, by the wood burning from under him, and precipitating him into the dreadful volcano, in full view of the thuddering multitude below. The pecuniary damage ſuſtained upon this occaſion is conſiderable.

—

Laſt week, the magiſtrates of Paiſley, upon a complaint againſt a maid ſervant, at her maſter's inſtance, for deſerting her ſervice in order to be married, ordained her inſtantly to return to her ſervice, and complete her engagement for the current time, and, in caſe of her not returning, granted warrant to impriſon her till ſhe found caution ſo to do; and the girl having thought proper, in place of returning, to forfeit her wages, and to pay her maſter the full wages for another ſervant in her place, the maſter paid in the ſame to the treaſurer of the Kirk ſeſſion, to be diſtributed among the poor. [Glaſgow pap.

—

Viſit of the Spaniſh King to Barcelona, in Sept. laſt.

The King's ſuite conſiſted about 4000 perſons, and was preceded by 400 light waggons, drawn by mules, carrying their cloaths, &c. The triumphal car in which the Royal Pair entered the town, was covered with ſheets of gold, ſurmounting at the top a crown of diamonds of immenſe value. The proceſſion laſted upwards of two hours, and the enthuſiaſm of the people on the occaſion was exceſſive. On the day following their Majeſties went to hear maſs, when the crowd was ſo great, that ſeveral perſons were cruſhed to death. Eight thouſand perſons dined daily at the King's table.

—

SELIM, (Turkey.) November 13.

The moſt recent intelligence from Widdin is as follows; ---Paſwan Oglou has diſbanded the greateſt part of his army: and the garriſon of that place conſiſts nearly of 4000 men. A Pleniputentiary has arrived from Conſtantinople, diſpatched by the Grand Seignor, who has brought Paſwan Oglou a diploma, confirming him in his poſt. Paſwan however apprehenſive of the bow-ſtring, keeps a vigilant eye on the Ambaſſador. He lately received a Foreign Officer with much cordiality---it is ſuppoſed that this officer is a Frenchman.

—

BRUSSELS, December 21.

We hear from the Hague that the Dutch ſhips of war which are to tranſport the French troops to Louiſiana, and to protect them on their paſſage, are completely armed and equipped, and are now ready to ſail from Helvoetſluys. General Victor and his ſtaff officers will take their paſſage, on board the Admiral's ſhip. The other officers, civil and military, will have their accommodation for the voyage on board others of the ſhips of war. The troops conſiſting of ſix battalions of infantry, ſeveral detachments of dragoons, and one detachment of artillery, will fail in the tranſports. General Victor is ſaid to have given public notice at the Hague, of his intention to ſail within a few days. The French troops have not yet entered the Hague. New orders are expected from Paris, in regard to this movement.

25,000 Dollars the higheſt prize.

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COURT OF HYMEN.

COME young and old to Hymen's court repair,
The ſweets of Venus will attend you there;
While numbers to the ſacred altar bow,
Will you neglect, deſpiſe the nuptial vow!

MARRIED,

At Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. AUSTIN WARNER, to Miſs VAN ALLEN, both of that city.

At Norfolk, by the Rev. Mr. Bland, Doctor OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS VALENTINE BOWEN GEORGE WASHINGTON WARNER LEWIS RAILLEION, jun. of Boſton, to Miſs ELIZABETH MEYERS PORTER, of Norfolk,

On Monday, evening the 7th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Maſon Mr. JAMES ORR, to Miſs MARY BATCHELOR, daughter of Mr. John Batchelor, all of this city,

On Thurſday evening, laſt week, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. HENRY BROOKS, to Miſs MARIA HEYER, both of this city.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Biſhop Moore, Mr. WILLIAM JINKINSON, of Hærlem, to Miſs RUTH FAIRCHILD, of Stratford.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Biſhop Moore, BENJAMIN R. SEAMAN, Eſq. to Miſs CATHARINE J. PADWOOST, both of this city.

On Tueſday laſt, by the Rev. John Townley, Mr WILLIAM KAVANAGH, to Miſs JANE WOODS, both of this city.

On Wedneſday evening, by the Rev. Mr Sargent, SAMUEL COWDREY, Eſq. to Miſs ELIZA ANDERSON, daughter of Mr Elbert Anderſon, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

YES! all muſt yield to Death's remorſeleſs rage;
Creation's brow ſhall wrinkle up with age;
Time ſhall remove the key ſtone of the ſky;
Heav'ns roof ſhall fall---and all but VIRTUE die.

DIED,

On Monday the 7th inſt. Mrs. SARAH BURNHAM, aged 45 years, after a tedious and painful illneſs of 18 months, which ſhe bore with becoming fortitude and chriſtian reſignation. She has left behind a number of near relatives who regret in her the ſevere loſs of parent and friend.

On Saturday morning laſt, at Elizabeth-Town, in the 86th year of his age, MATHEW GREEN, PRINTER, He came from London to America in the year 1745, and was generally known to his brethern of the typographical art in this country. He has lived with the editor of the New-Jerſey Journal ſince the year 1784. About ſix years ago he entirely loſt his ſight and the uſe of his legs, notwithſtanding which he preſerved an uncommon degree of health and ſpirits. On the 3d of January laſt he was taken unwell, and from that time gradually decayed until his death.

—

Twenty-five perſons, of whom 15 were adults and 10 children, are reported by the city clerk to have died during the week ending on the 13th inſt. viz. of conſumption 4, abſceſs in the thigh 1, decay 1, inflamation 1, pleuriſy 1, hives 1, and 16 of diſeaſes not mentioned.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be preſented (third time) Drama, in three acts, with Choruſſes, Songs, and Proceſſions called,

The Voice of Nature.

To which will be added a Comedy, in 3 acts, called, The

Country Heireſs,

OR, THE MAN OF QUALITY.

FOUND,

On Peck-ſlip Wharf, a bunch of keys;---the owner may have them again, by calling at this Office, No. 3 Peck-ſlip, and paying for this advertiſement. Feb. 18th, 1803.

COURT OF APOLLO

For the New York WEEKLY MUSEUM,

LAW, PHYSIC AND DIVINITY.

LAW, Phyſic and Divinity
Contend which ſhall ſuperior be;----
The Lawyer ſwears he'll be your friend,
Your cauſe and rights he will defend.

The Doctor talks of his great ſkill,
Says life and health are in his pill;
The Reverend he will plainly ſhow,
If you'll repent to Heaven you go.

But mark theſe friends of ours, and ſee
Where ends their great ſervility!

Without a fee the Lawyer's dumb,
Without a fee the Doctor's mum;
The Rev'rend ſays, without his pay,
He'll leave you to your own lewd way.

J. C--k.

ORIGINAL SCOTS SONG.

SEVEN lang years and mair have I been wand'ring
Frae hame, that's far diſtant, beyond the wide main;
Ye powers, that preſide owre our deſtinies! tell me,
Will I e'er ſee the day I'll be hame ance again?

The bare craggy mountain, the hills clad wi' heather,
The birk-cover'd braes, and my native green glen,
Where youth, peace and innocence ſported together---
Ye powers! ſhall I ne'er ſee thoſe ſweet ſcenes again?

Oh! will I ance mair, hear the Lark's early carrol,
And wander at eve on the banks o' the burn;
When bluebells and daiſies the green ſward enamel,
And nature rejoiced at Simmer's return?

Yes, Simmer will come frae the South, brightly beaming
And bring back the flowers to the green lap o' Spring;
But the ſweet days o' youth, when I carefully ſported,
Nae time will reſtore them, nae ſeaſon will bring,

Companions o' Youth d'ye mind the blyth ſeaſon
We play'd on the green, or climb'd up the brae,
And pluck't the wild roſes, or pu'd the ripe berries?
Do the joys o' your manhood now charm ye like thae?

But they are lang by-gane, and we are far ſunder'd
By land many miles, and the wide roaring ſea;---
Yet penſively muſing, and pleas'd I think on ye,
And ſit the remembrance brings tears in my e'e.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN General Valancy was quartered in a ſmall town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly beſieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman who kept her poſt at the door, aſſailing them daily with freſh importunities, and freſh tales of diſtreſs. At laſt the lady's charity, and the general's patience was nearly exhauſted, but their petitioner's wit was ſtill in its priſtine vigor --.One morning at the accuſtomed hour, when the lady was getting into the carriage, the old woman began, "Agh! my lady; ſucceſs to your ladyſhip, and ſucceſs to your honor's honor this morning, of all the days in the year; for ſure did'nt I dream laſt night that her ladyſhip gave a pound of Ta, and that your honor gave me a pound of Tobacco?"---"But my good woman," ſaid the general, do not you know, that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they ſo plaſe your honor?" rejoined the old woman, "Then it muſt be your honor that will give me the Ta, and her ladyſhip that will give me the Tobacco." The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a bon mot is always worth ſomething more than a pinch of Snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for ſale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,
The Beggar Boy.

MORALIST.

Leaving curious ſpeculations concerning the materiality or immateriality of the ſoul to be debated in the ſchools of philoſophy, let us attend to thoſe reflections, which the certain proſpect of a dying hour are calculated to inſpire.

We muſt ſhortly cloſe our eyes on terreſtrial ſcenes? why then ſhould we diſtract our minds with anxiety in the various purſuits of life? Why toil to heap up treaſure we are ſoon to leave! Why harbor envy in our breaſts at thoſe who are high fed in fortune's lap; when we know that a few revolving ſuns will bring the period, when death ſhall demoliſh all diſtinctions but thoſe of virtue and vice? Why cheriſh reſentment even againſt our moſt inveterate enemies? A few moments, and the lamp of life is extinguiſhed, and with it both their love and their hatred. Why value ourſelves on the advantages of birth, the attainment of learning, or the blandiſhments of beauty? The grave knows none of theſe. The rich and the poor, the prince and the peaſant, learned and illiterate, here mingle in one common maſs; and beauty, though once a rival of Venus, is here a repaſt for worms.

N. SMITH, Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Roſe, fourteen doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-lane, in Liberty Street, New-York.

Now as the public may be no longer impoſed upon by imported traſh, under the name of Perfumery, Hair Powder, and Coſmetics of various names, ſome of them made in this City with counterfeit names and labels on them to deceive the buyers, prepared by perſons quite unſkilled in the art. Smith is therefore determined not to ſell any of his innocent and efficatious Coſmetics and Perfumery, without his name and labels on them in copper-plate, if not ſo, they are not bought at his Factory, he being always willing to have them inſpected by the gentlemen of the faculty.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double ſcented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Roſe Powder 2s. 6d. do.

His highly improved Chemical Milk of Roſes, ſo well known for clearing the ſkin from ſcurf, pimples, redneſs; or ſunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preſerving the ſkin to extreme old age; and is very fine for gentlemen to uſe after ſhaving---with printed directions---3s. 6s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Highly improved ſweet-ſcented hard and ſoft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll, double 2s. do

His white almond Waſhball, for making the hands and arms delicately ſoft and white, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. 6d.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their ſhaving-boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's Balſamic Lip Salve of Roſes, for giving a moſt beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneſs and chops, leaves them quite ſmooth and beautiful 2s. and 4s. per box.

His fine Coſmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughneſs, and leaving the ſkin ſmooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot

Smith's Almond Powder, for waſhing and cleaning the ſkin, 5s. per lb

All kinds of ſweet ſcented Waters and Eſſences, with every article neceſſary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paſte, for waſhing the ſkin, making it ſmooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Purified Alpine Shaving Cake made on a chemical principle, to help the operation of ſhaving, and is of ſuch a balſamic nature, as to heal any ſcratch or cut made by the razor; ſold with printed directions, 3s. 6d.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice, Tooth Powder for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Coſmetic Waſh-Ball, far ſuperior to any other for ſoftening, beautifying and preſerving the ſkin, with an agreeable perfume, ſold with printed directions, 4s and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewiſe his Vegetable or Pearl Coſmetic, for immediately whitening the ſkin; theſe are choice articles, and ſhould be found on every lady's toilet, 2s. 4s and 8s. each.

With a great aſſortment of the beſt kinds of Perfumery and Coſmetics, Wholeſale and Retail.

*** If Ladies and Gentlemen will ſend to Smith's Chemical Perfume Manufactory, they will receive gratis one of his catalogues, which explains the virtues of his Perfumery and Coſmetics. February 12.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the moſt eminent of the faculty to be infinitely ſuperior to any other Lotion that ever has been uſed, for ſmoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent reſtorative for removing and entirely eradicating the deſtructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Thoſe who through inadvertency make too free uſe of thoſe artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the moſt happy effects from uſing GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will reſtore the ſkin to its priſtine beauty, and even increaſe its luſtre. It expeditiouſly and effectually clears the ſkin from every deſcription of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued ſeries of the moſt ſatisfactory experience, has fully proved its ſuper-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, ſun-burns, redneſs of the neck and arms, &c. and reſtoring the ſkin to its wonted purity. In ſhort, it is the only coſmetic a lady can uſe at her toilette with eaſe and ſafety, or that a gentleman can have recourſe to, when ſhaving has become a troubleſome operation, by reaſon of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and ſold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do.---alſo at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION,

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, Scorbutic and cutaneous Eruptions of every deſcription.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and adminiſtered by him for ſeveral years in Europe and America with the moſt unparalleled ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid night and morning, or occaſionally twice a day, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face. It is perfectly ſafe, yet powerful, and poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated Coſmetics, without any of their doubtful and ſometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a neceſſary and almoſt indiſpenſable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common traſh,

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven ſkin its ſhining appearance, and yellow and ſickly paleneſs, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffice it however to ſay,

It has been adminiſtered to many thouſands without even a ſingle complaint of its inefficacy.

A ſmall bole, at 75 cents, will be found ſufficient to prove its value------Price, half pints, 75 cents---Pints, one Dollar 25 cents. Nov. 27.

For the Uſe of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet, New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as, Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powder, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoiſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pinning and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3m

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds
ALMANACS, &c.

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